

Good Morning 433

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Dick Gordon's STAGE, SCREEN, STUDIO

LAST week was big for two Britons in Hollywood. C. Aubrey Smith, oftentimes called Britain's ambassador to America, was made a Knight, and Ray Milland won a contract.

Sir C. A. S. is worthy of this recognition; his work has done much for the British stage and Anglo-U.S. relationship in his years over there.

Ray Milland, whose real name is Jack Mullane, deserves his new seven-year contract with Paramount, where he's been nine years, because this Welshman made the grade the hard way.

It's close on twenty years since he handed in his bearskin and scarlet tunic after a short-term service with the Guards. The Paymaster gave him the pay he had coming, the quarter-bloke issued a suit of sacking, and he raised his trilby to the Guards commander as he marched out of Wellington Barracks for the last time.

Where then? He had it all worked out; he hiked to Elstree and some "extra" work.

He was young, he was good-looking, he was temperamental. He got leads in a couple of small pictures. Talkies were just starting, and no British director fancied him, because he slurred his words. So he made his first pilgrimage to Hollywood.

After several unsuccessful pictures, Spike, as he was called, came home. He'd gone to Hollywood with something of a flourish in the first place. Next time, he vowed, he'd try sneaking in more quietly and see if that would do the trick. It didn't.

So he tried a third time. He seldom had much money, but he got around, for he found himself a wife.

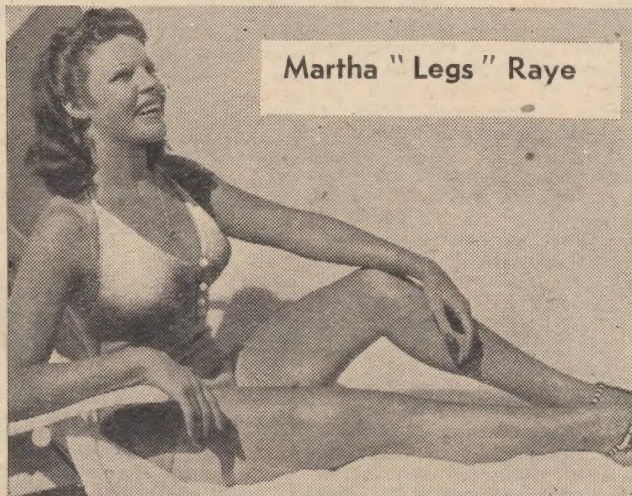


HIS father-in-law was a wealthy art dealer, and Spike soon felt he couldn't keep his bride the way he should. They separated, and again he came to England, jobless and broke.

Here he made a couple of films called "Orders Are Orders" and "This Is The Life." Intoxicated by such success, he hurried to Hollywood—and almost starved.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

J. M. Michaelson talks about Parliament and how we are Governed



Martha "Legs" Raye

Eventually he got work in "Bolero," followed by "We're Not Dressing," and a contract with Paramount.

His first reaction after signing was to hunt up the former Mrs. Milland, court her all over again, and persuade her to re-marry him.

That was ten years ago. Since then he's come on steadily as a light comedian. He's 6ft. 1 1/2 in., dark and handsome, with a pleasant natural style. He's made some fifty pictures, the last ten being mostly major hits.

At one time he was a crack



Carol Landis

shot, thanks to experience gained as an attendant at a shooting gallery. One of his first film "hits" was shooting a mirror out of the hand of Lya de Putti in "The Informant."

But years ago, when he and his director had a friendly argument as to which of them should entertain a certain girl one evening after work, the director jokingly suggested that they should shoot it out.

The pair went to the nearest rifle range, and the director won. Milland was so furious about it that he hired a car and followed them all evening.

Odd, isn't it, so many Englishmen have starved in England, then made good in Hollywood?

Ronnie Colman was the first of them, followed by Patric Knowles, Eric Blome, Louis Hayward and Errol Flynn.

"ACTION in Arabia" is an R.K.O. Radio film that has George Sanders, Virginia Bruce and Gene Lockhart as the stars.

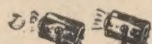
Although this film will not make screen history, it is a slick piece of escapism which will please Bruce fans, Sanders fans, and those of you who find relaxation in excitement.

If you want to enjoy it you mustn't be too critical. If you think Sanders looks more English than American, and Virginia more American than French, and that his whirlwind wooing of the lovely lady is more Hollywood than Damascus, you'd better stick to documentaries.

If you seem to have heard that thin wailing Oriental umpa-umpa tune before, if you seem to recognise those soulful camels, those raucous Arab street cries, you will please to remember that this story of espionage is set in old Damascus and these are but the correct appurtenances.

On the credit side, there are convincing scenes in the hotel, which is complete in every detail, down to the palm court and orchestra; there is a rollicking scene in which Sanders flies a plane with two passengers after six lessons; there are pieces of staccato dialogue which he makes his own in his own inimitable way.

There is the beautiful daughter (Lenore Aubert) of the famous Arab leader Abd-Al-Rashid, and the bland Danesco (Gene Lockhart) whose astute twinkle behind that distinguished monocle seems to say, "You think this is hokum? Me, too. But it was fun while it lasted."



BASED on the real-life adventures of its four stars, Kay Francis, Carol Landis, Mitzi Mayfair and Martha Raye, Fox's latest musical, "Four Jills in a Jeep," is a delightfully different tale, jam-packed with music, mirth, romance, adventure and stars—for besides the four "Jills" in the title role there are Jimmy Dorsey and his band, Phil Silvers and John Harvey, plus Dick Haymes, plus four guest-stars, Betty Grable, Alice Faye, Carmen Miranda, and George Jessel.

There are plenty of new songs, too, which will probably be in the hit class within the next few weeks, glamour, spectacle and excitement, and many other features which all add up to making "Four Jills in a Jeep" entertainment fare of the first order.

Take Your Seats

THE newly elected Member of Parliament must take an oath and sign the Test Roll before he can take an active part in the proceedings of the House. If either an M.P. or a peer should vote before taking the Oath, he renders himself liable to a fine of £500, although if it can be shown that it was due to an accident or oversight, this fine may be remitted.

In fact, it was imposed as recently as 1857, when Alderman Salomons, a Jew, insisted upon taking his seat and voting without taking the oath which, depending on "the true faith of a Christian" was meaningless to him.

Things have changed since then, and there is nothing to bar a Member taking his seat because of his religion. Jews take an oath omitting the words, with their hats on and using the Pentateuch instead of the New Testament. Agnostics and atheists are allowed to affirm instead of "swear."

THE form of Oath is, "I, —, swear by Almighty God that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty King George, his heirs and successors, according to the law. So help me God." The M.P. who affirms simply says that he "solemnly, sincerely and truly declares and affirms" instead of "swears by Almighty God," and omits the final sentence.

A Member elected at a by-election is introduced by two friends who are M.P.s. He advances up the floor of the House, with a friend on either side, takes the oath, signs the Roll, and is introduced to the Speaker. It is not essential that he should be accompanied by two other M.P.s. In 1875, a press what I proposed to say, what must be the condition of that man who, without any assistance is pleading for his life, and is apprehensive of being deprived of it? This little spontaneous effort was very successful.

There is no rule that compels a Member to speak at all. The two grandfathers of Lord Long of Wraxall, a former Conservative leader, sat for 33 and 28 years in Parliament, and between them they only made one speech of three lines in length! When a new Parliament is elected, all Members and Peers, even if they have sat before, are "new" and must take the oath afresh. Although "once a peer, always a peer," each peer receives a fresh summons to the House of Lords

There follows the oath and signing of the Roll—in the House of Lords it is a real roll, in the Commons a book—and a procession round the Chamber to the seat allotted to him. After a few minutes' sitting, the peer and his sponsors stand and lift their hats three times to the Chancellor, the procession forms up again, and after shaking hands with the Chancellor, the peer leaves.

The exceptions to this ceremony are the representative peers of Scotland and Ireland, who simply take the oath and sign the roll.

No doubt the first thing a new M.P. thinks about is making a speech, but in fact this is the last thing expected of him! The wise newcomer spends several weeks "finding his feet" and learning the innumerable rules and traditions of the House. When at last he feels that he should speak, he mentions it to the party Whip who arranges a time and informs the Speaker. Technically, the Speaker always calls upon the first Member to "catch his eye," but his eye is always kind to a Member who wants to make his maiden speech, a considerable ordeal.

Unless a newcomer is bumptious or over confident, the House is usually sympathetic and gives him a good hearing for his maiden speech. There have been classical exceptions. Sheridan and Disraeli both had unfortunate receptions, but lived to hold the House on many occasions. Some Members have broken down completely, found themselves unable to utter a word. Disraeli thus described the maiden effort of one Gibson Craig, of whom the Whigs

after each dissolution of Parliament. The Peers must attend on the first day, and headed by the Lord Chancellor take the oath and sign the roll in turn.

In the Commons, "swearing in" is a long business that takes up the best part of the first week. The Speaker takes the Oath first—until he has been elected, no one can take the oath and any business is, strictly, directed at the Mace. He is followed by the Ministers and Privy Counsellors, who have precedence, and then by Members in batches of five, coming up to two tables specially brought in, with Testaments and pieces of pasteboard carrying the oath on them. They then proceed to sign their full names and constituencies in the "Test Roll," a big leather-bound book, opening at the bottom.

Curiously enough, there is no check on identities. Policemen, messengers and officials are supposed to recognise Members, and after a few days do, in fact, know every one by sight, but there is no test to show that the man taking the oath is actually the one named in the writ as having been returned. But there is no record of a "stranger" ever having been sworn, although one once took part in a division by accident!

The M.P. who is ill or is abroad when Parliament assembles has to be careful to take the oath immediately he turns up. In 1924, Major J. J. Astor was in Egypt when the House assembled and after returning took part in a division without taking the Oath. The matter came out quite inadvertently as a result of a remark he made to the Clerk that he would like to take the Oath. The horrid truth came out and there was no alternative but a fine of £500 and declaration that he forfeited his seat—which he had won unopposed. Major Astor stood again and was returned once more.



A.B. ARCHIE OLIVER NEWS FROM HOME

ON the last day of their holiday we found your Mother, and Aunts Charlotte and Lucy seated round the afternoon tea-table at your home in 25, Evisstones-gardens, Walker-on-Tyne.

They were having a chat—as women do—and the main topic of conversation was Noreen, your younger sister. After visiting her at Bellingham during the week, they learned that she had passed her examination for Rutherford College in Newcastle, where she is going in September.

The conversation then moved over to you, with a query from Mum, "How is your effort for L.T. going along?" She told us that Tommy, your pal, is still in Tunis, and has become friendly with a French family, and all he requests is reels and

Charlotte piped in with "Don't get entangled with any dames, Archie. Love 'em and leave 'em—Stick to beer!" as Mum sent the message, "Don't come back tattooed to the far ends, and no matter what else—NO beard." Aunt Lucy said, "We'll never be late for work now, there's a new alarm clock, Archie."

By the way, your friend Gordon has sailed on another ship, so keep your peepers open, on the look-out for him. He's under way.

With a cheery greeting, "Good Shooting, Good Luck and Good Hunting," we left your home, where all's going well.

Five Weeks in

By JULES VERNE - - - Part I

a Balloon

THERE was a large audience, on the 14th of January, 1862, at the sitting of the Royal Geographical Society of London. The president, Sir Francis M., made an important speech to his honourable colleagues, and was frequently interrupted by applause. It ended thus:—

"England has always marched at the head of other nations (for it has been remarked that nations universally march at the head of one another) by its geographical discoveries. (Hear, hear.) Dr. Samuel Fergusson will add to its glory. If his attempt succeed (a voice—'It will succeed.'), it will complete the map of Africa; if it fail, it will still remain one of the most daring conceptions of human genius!"

The applause was frantic. The auditory, which was composed of intrepid travellers from the five parts of the world, had all, more or less, physically or morally, escaped shipwreck, fire, Indian tomahawks, savage clubs, the stake of torture, or Polynesian stomachs. But the Royal Geographical Society had never been so enthusiastic as during the speech of Sir Francis.

Fortunately, in Britain, enthusiasm does not show itself only in words. It coins money as rapidly as the Mint. An indemnity of encouragement was voted there and then, in favour of Dr. Fergusson, and the sum amounted to £2,500.

The importance of the sum was in proportion to the importance of the enterprise. One of the members of the society asked the president if Dr. Fergusson was not to be officially presented.

"The doctor is at the disposition of the assembly," answered Sir Francis.

Dr. Fergusson was called for from all parts of the room.

"Ask Dr. Fergusson to come in," said Sir Francis simply.

And the doctor entered amidst a thunder of applause, not looking in the least disconcerted. He was a man about forty, of middle height and build; his sanguine temperament betrayed itself in the deep colour of his face; his face was cold and the features regular; a large nose, one of those noses like the prow of a vessel, of a man predestined to great discoveries; his soft eyes more intelligent than bold, gave a great charm to his physiognomy; his arms were long, and his feet pressed the ground with the aplomb of a good walker.

His whole appearance was calmly grave, and the applause only ended when the doctor asked for silence by a friendly gesture.

He walked towards the chair prepared for him; then, standing, with energy in his look, he raised the forefinger of his right hand to the sky, opened his mouth, and pronounced this one word:—
"Excelsior!"

No unexpected interpellation of Cobden or Bright, not even the

demand made by Lord Palmerston for extraordinary funds to cuirass the rocks of England, obtained a like success.

Who was the doctor, and to what enterprise was he going to devote himself?

The father of young Fergusson, a brave captain in the British Navy, had associated his son from his earliest infancy in the dangers and adventures of his profession.

and even that of Selkirk and Robinson Crusoe, which did not seem to him inferior. He passed many happy hours in the island of Juan Fernandez.

His youthful life of adventure in the four quarters of the world developed these tastes. His father like a cultivated man, did not fail to strengthen his quick intelligence by serious study of hydrography, physics, and mechanics, with some knowledge of botany, medicine, and astronomy.

At the death of the worthy captain Samuel Fergusson, then twenty-two years of age, had already been round the world;

plete privations; he was a type of the perfect traveller, whose stomach is enlarged or compressed at will, whose legs lengthen or shorten to suit his improvised couch, who can go to sleep at any minute of the day or wake at any hour of the night.

In 1855 and 1857 our indefatigable traveller explored the West of Tibet in company with the brothers Schmagintweit, bringing back curious observations in ethnography.

The doctor, therefore, was well known, though he was not a member of any scientific institution; he kept away from these learned bodies, as he belonged to the church militant, not the talking church; he found the time better employed in searching than in discussing, in discovering than in discoursing.

It is related that an Englishman went one day to Geneva with the intention of visiting the lake; they put him into one of those old vehicles in which the seats are at the side like an omnibus; now it happened accidentally that our Englishman was placed with his back to the lake; the vehicle peacefully accomplished its round, during which he never once thought of looking round, and he came back to London enchanted with the Lake of Geneva.

Dr. Fergusson did turn round, and that more than once, during his travels, and he turned round so well that he had seen a great deal.

In that he obeyed his own nature, and being something of a fatalist, but of a very orthodox fatalism,

counting upon himself and Providence, he said he was rather compelled than attracted in his travels, and he went over the world like a locomotive, not directing his own path, but letting his path direct him.



His indifference to the applause of the Royal Society was not astonishing; he was above vanity; the proposition he had addressed to Sir Francis seemed to him quite simple; he did not even perceive the immense effect it had produced.

After the sitting the doctor was conducted to the Travellers' Club

in Pall Mall, where a banquet was offered him; the dimension of the dishes was in accordance with the importance of the personage, and the sturgeon which figured on the table was only three inches less in length than Samuel Fergusson himself.

Numerous toasts were drunk in French wines to the celebrated travellers who had made themselves illustrious on African soil. They drank to their health or their memory in alphabetical order; and lastly to Dr. Samuel Fergusson, who by his incredible attempt would bind together the works of these travellers and complete the series of African discoveries, and cross Africa—by balloon!

(To be continued)



"And where do you come from?"
"Salford."
"Nice place to come from!"

Worthy son of such a father, the boy never seemed to know what fear was, and he showed a remarkable aptitude for silence and patient, laborious investigation; he early had remarkable presence of mind and skill in helping himself; he was never embarrassed, not even when he began to use a fork for the first time.

Brave Adventurer

He fed his imagination by reading voyages and travels; he followed with passion the discoveries which signalled the first part of the 19th century; he dreamed of imitating the glory of Mungo Park, Bruce, Caillié, Levallant,

he bought a commission in the Bengal Engineers, but a soldier's existence did not suit him; he did not care about commanding, and he disliked being commanded.

He threw up his commission, and sometimes hunting, sometimes botanising, he went up to the north of the Indian Peninsula and crossed from Calcutta to Surat—simply an amateur walk. From Surat he went to Australia, and returned to England about 1850. More than ever possessed by the demon of discovery he accompanied Captain McClure in the expedition round the American Continent, from Behring Straits to Cape Farewell. In spite of fatigues of every kind, and under every climate, Dr. Fergusson seemed comfortable in the midst of com-

IS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Gog and Magog were two legendary British giants supposed to be the last of the offspring of certain wicked daughters of the Emperor Diocletian and a band of demons. Effigies of the pair, 14 feet high, are now in the Guildhall. They were carved by a Richard Saunders in 1708, and it was for a long time the custom to carry them round in the Lord Mayor's procession.

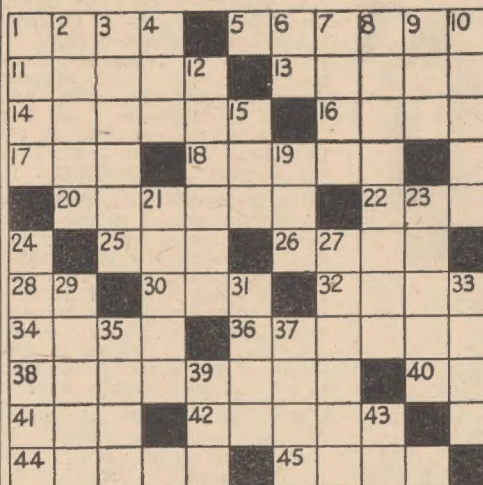
The golden guinea, current in England from 1663 to 1817, took its name from the first guinea coinage being struck from gold obtained on the coast of Guinea.

Gin, a distillation from malt or barley, gets its peculiar flavour from juniper berries. The Hollands variety is still the purest, English gin having its quality impaired quite frequently by the addition of flavouring substances.

For 300 years after its discovery, rubber was valued only as a substance which would rub out pencil marks. Only since the invention of the motor-car has its elastic property been fully utilised.

Since the Japanese were thrown out of Guadalcanal, the Solomon Island natives have used their battle helmets as cooking pots and the swords of Jap officers to dig up potatoes.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Warm oneself.
- 5 Blue.
- 11 Change.
- 13 Theatre room.
- 14 Feline beast.
- 16 Therefore.
- 17 Spring.
- 18 Mounts high.
- 20 Combats.
- 22 Bowler.
- 23 Proper.
- 25 Slender.
- 26 Morning.
- 30 Bore.
- 32 Dry.
- 34 Excessive.
- 38 Deceive.
- 40 Old pronoun.
- 36 Subtle quality.
- 41 Sphere.
- 42 Aquatic animal.
- 44 Sorting device.
- 45 Poetry.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Famous composer.
- 2 Away.
- 3 Unintelligent.
- 4 Osk.
- 6 From.
- 7 South African.
- 8 Scottish country.
- 9 Limb.
- 10 Fish.
- 12 Thin slice.
- 15 Nonsense.
- 19 Foolish one.
- 21 Society.
- 23 Friendliness.
- 24 Anticlimax.
- 25 Short of.
- 29 New Zealander.
- 31 Wrinkle.
- 33 Changed colour.
- 35 Part of ear.
- 37 Inside.
- 39 Sadness.
- 43 About.

PEARL DUMAS
AXLE VISAGE
RELATED RUE
IT POT PIED
SEW WOVEN S
RICE ITEM
C TULIP ROB
LANE BEG BA
IRE PIRATIC
MESHS SILE
BASIN SHEEN

QUIZ for today

1. A quarendon is an animal hospital, quarter of a legacy, kind of apple, estate of four acres?
2. Who wrote "The Song of Bernadette"?
3. Who invented "flex" electric wire?
4. What wood is used for wooden sinks and draining-boards?
5. In what game are the expressions "Billingsgate" and "Whitechapel" used?
6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Puccoon, Picaroon, Macaroon, Dragon, Stuccoon, Quadroon.

Answers to Quiz in No. 432

1. Wild goat.
2. Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells.
3. The science of exchanges (political economy).
4. Bloemfontein.
5. Guitta-percha.
6. Rabbed.

WANGLING WORDS—372

1. Put a fish in ENCES and get trespasses.
2. In the following first line of a popular song both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—Heat ni teg grinnom who het I pu ho to.
3. Mix HETRD, add CD, and get a cheese.
4. Find the two hidden film stars in: The pearl is so expensive, he either can't or won't buy it.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 371

1. SnapSHOT.
2. Ma, I miss your apple pie.
3. C-L-ARET.
4. P-lum, Le-mon.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Yes, sir. I understand perfectly. You demand smartness and tidiness from everyone here—or shall I put your tie straight?"

JANE



**Good
Morning**

"I loved being kissed, but you really should have kissed my mouth, you know, Sonny."



"Gosh! I don't half feel hungry, don't you? Can you see anything in the way of food coming along?"



This England Mapledurham Mill, on a Thames backwater.

★
20th
Century-
Fox star
Linda
Darnell.
★



A study in black and white.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"After you with the cream, baby."

